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CHRISTOPHER PERRET: WR: 2, 12, 13, 14, 16, 18, 21, 30ss, 39wa.

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CHARLES SHAW: WR: 3, 5, 6, 8, 12, 16, 21, 24, 27/28, 30, 32, 38, 40.

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JUDSON CREWS: WR: 3, 4, 7, 10, 13, 18, 19ss, 27/28, 31, 33, 43, 50, 52, 58ss, 60, 80, 83cb, 88, 93, 94, 99.

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TEPID TEA SINCE THE SAMOVAR WOULD NOT

Steam. Yet, in that steaming pot-kettle of  
a cranium, Bulltoven was born full-man

From the bowels of a phantom windjammer.  
In that sala grande not very grand

Writing on a few week's sinecure from old  
buddy, G. I. Bill, I did half a

Hundred of the best poems of my life --  
that long narrow room peculiarly majestic

Though I could touch the low old latiad  
ceiling with more than the tip of my

Fingers. I lived my life as a lie (Azalea)  
in this Hispanic web of pure bastardry.

Part fortress wall in days of Indian  
raiders -- then the home of "a better family"

Later owned by a history-conscious, but art-  
conscious American, a great north window

Was implanted which I turned my back  
upon the world through. There was a pig-

Skin chair of Mexico, tin lamp, a fine  
Navaho rug, an iron stove, retablos

On the walls. The small old pre-war  
Ford broke and broke, immured in the plaza

Mud, asshole and axel. An old White Russian  
widow visited, stiff as a nutcracker



Her white, painted face ghastly as the mask  
of a kabuki dancer. We served tepid tea

With a small spoon of Jamaican rum.  
This old house had long been a house of

Women. Was it a lady who had once pissed  
in the only obvious convenience some dark

Night in bone-deep frost, not braving the shit-  
house in the patio out-back. The tea had

A certain perspicacity hardly explained by  
the copper canker inside the pot. Bulltoven

Was not an Ahab, nor yet an Ishmael. If  
you had to brand his ass, it would be

A J.C. plain -- no copper-plate, no flourishes.  
His ship ran upon a shoal, or else was

Scuttled. Was it sand or humid jungle ...  
how humid that jungle was, inside my brain

Though the samovar would not steam. A penchant  
for hoarded marital favors. Had I had a condom

Over my head, would Bulltoven ever have broken through?

I HAD THOUGHT OF THIS CAMP-OUT ENGAGE-

Ment as a sort of act of mercy. Like all  
acts of mercy, it was to get my goat

Before it was finished with. If you  
are crossing a river at flood-tide on the

Back of a crocodile -- chances are you know  
this Aesopian homily as well as I

Do. As between the two of us on this  
camp-out romp, who is the crocodile?

This is the question. I will only relate  
the dispassionate facts. Except for her

Sprained ankle, this bitch was quite a  
hiker. Except for her sprained butt, she

Was "something else" as they say when it comes  
sacking-out time. Even with her sprained